

TELEVISION'S TOP PROGRAM

MY LITTLE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

MARGIE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTICAL TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres such as superhero action, mystery, humor, and science fiction. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.

Dear Friends:

It gives me great pleasure to thank you for the wonderful reception you've given me and our comic magazine during these past months. It warms my heart, not only personally, but for still another reason. And that is that you, all of you, are cooperating so much to make the campaign for clean comics such a success. Humor, by its very nature, should be clean. It's one of the foremost American traits--and justly deserves to be treated with the respect you have given it by your patronage and loyalty. Phew! Did I say all that? Well, I meant every word. My whole life (and it's been a very happy one!) has been wrapped up in good humor and comedy.

Speaking of fun--we have still more in store for you--thanks to the success of MY LITTLE MARGIE Comics! It's an entirely new comic magazine entitled MY LITTLE MARGIE'S BOY FRIENDS! I don't want to brag--but I do have a few, you know. You'd really learn about poor Freddie's problems when you meet the gang. He worries himself sick thinking they're all in love with me, poor guy. "Better than ever" is the policy--and we're all working hard at it! We sure hope we please you as much as you've pleased us, Daddy, incidentally, wants to point out that MY LITTLE MARGIE Comics is designed for--well--his age group too. He says he'd be in "seventh heaven" to hear from some of his old friends. Your dad and mother will know what he means.

Love, *Margie*
(Your) Little Margie

A LETTER TO YOU FROM my little margie



MARGIE...
I CAME OVER
TO TELL YOU
ABOUT OUR
NEW COMIC
BOOK!

OH, DON'T BOTHER
FREDDIE... I'VE ALREADY
WRITTEN A LETTER TO
ALL MY FRIENDS
ABOUT IT!

HMMM...
THAT'S MY
LITTLE
MARGIE!



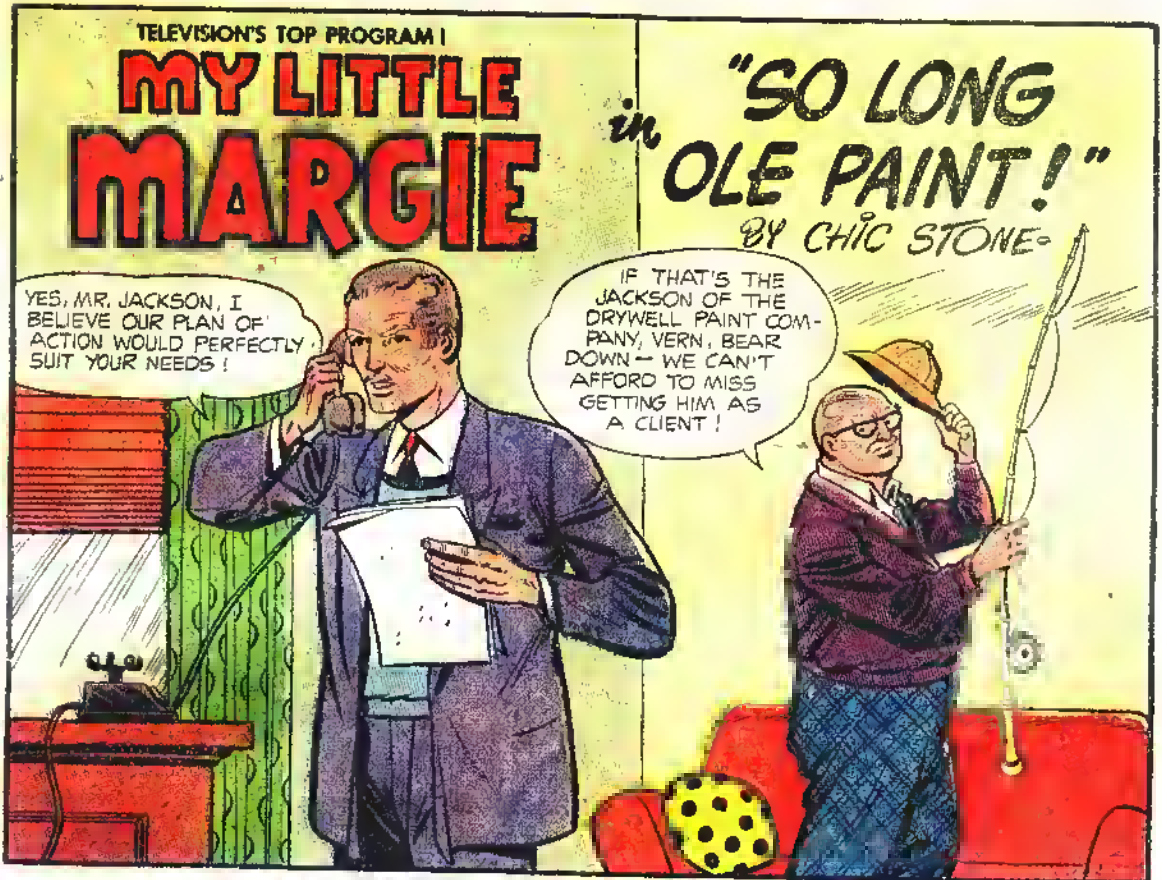
MY LITTLE MARGIE

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WEST-
ERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★
HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY
LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES ★
SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★
TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

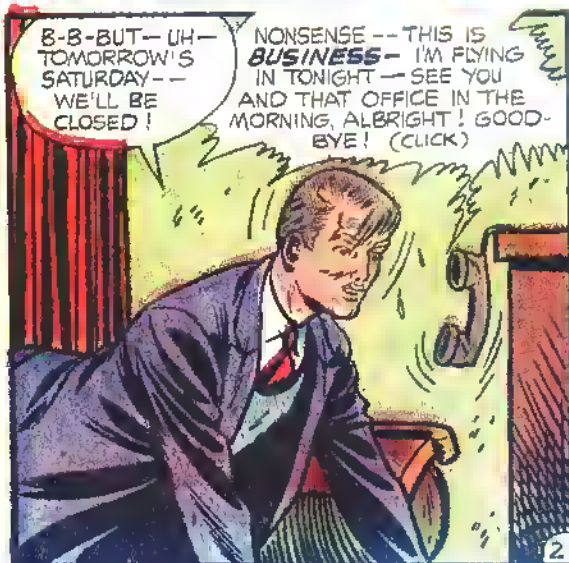
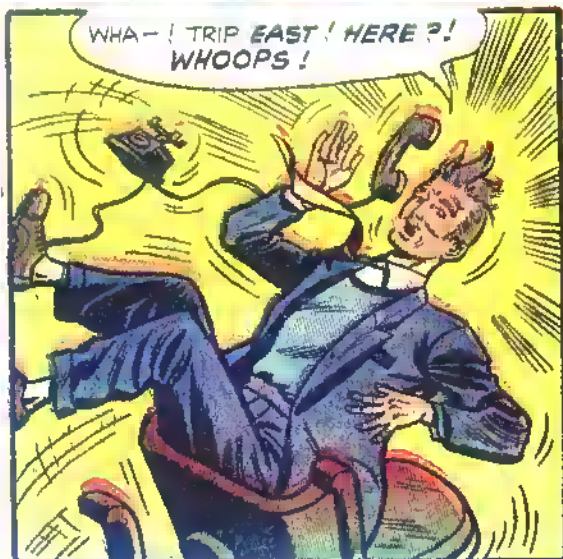
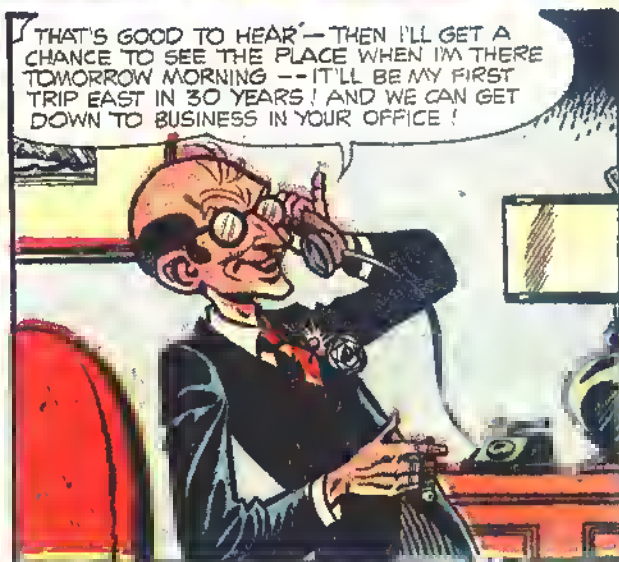
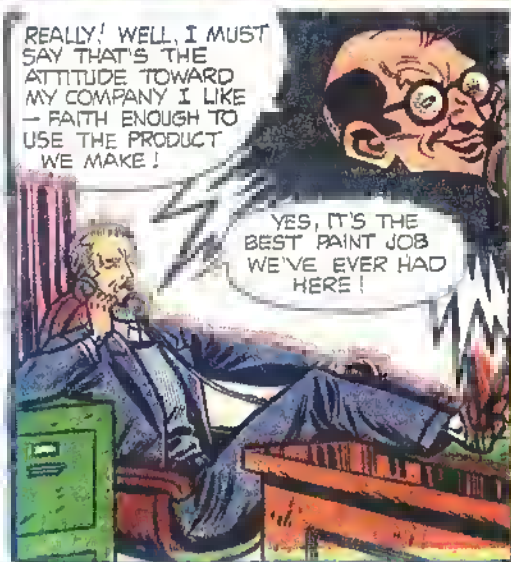
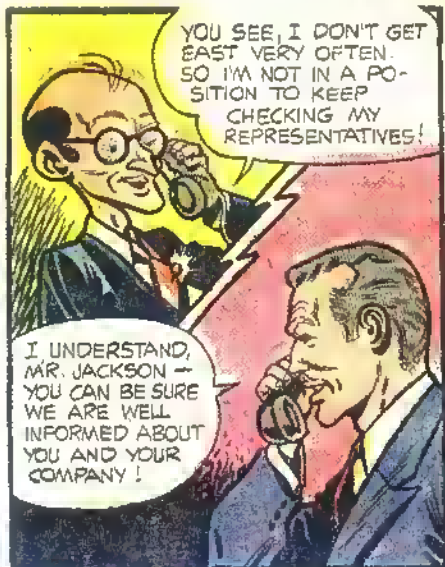
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

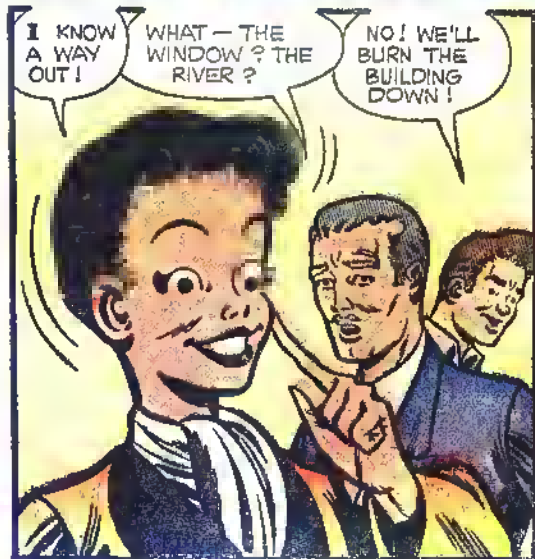
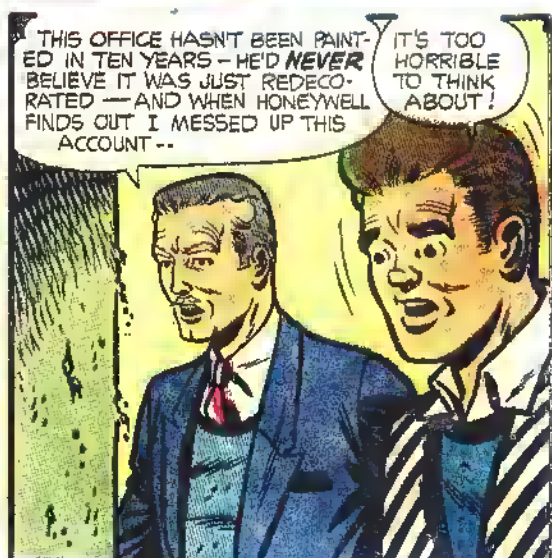
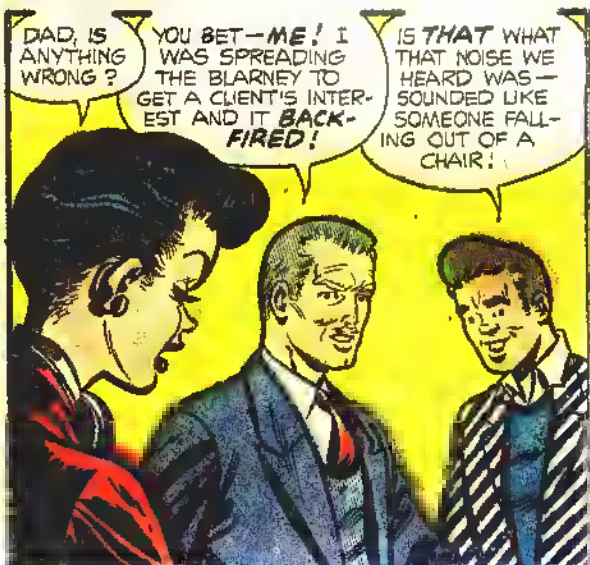
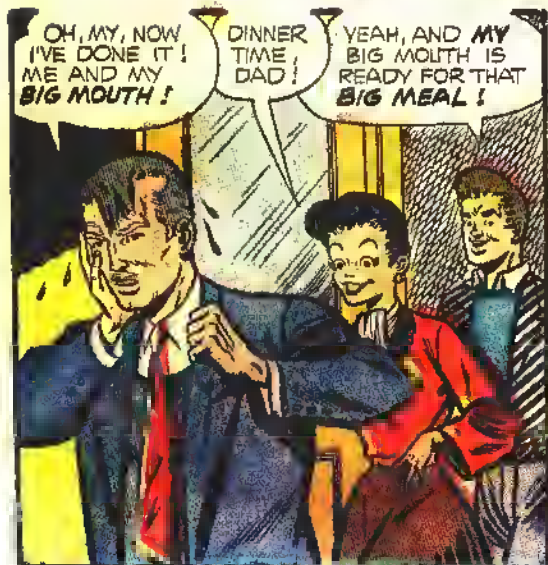
Alfred P. Fago Executive Editor



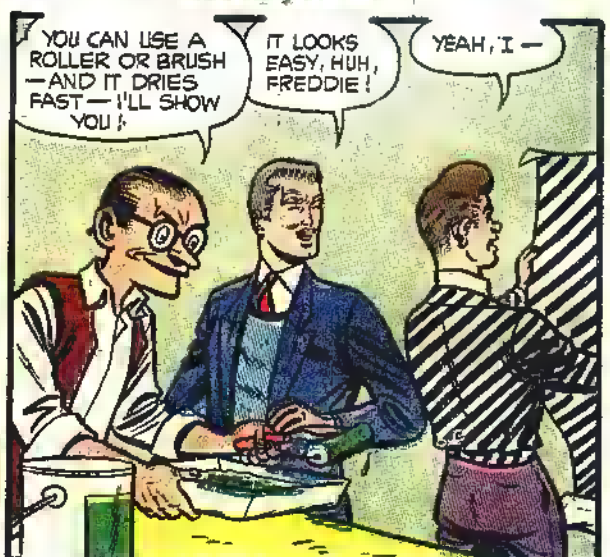
MY LITTLE MARGIE



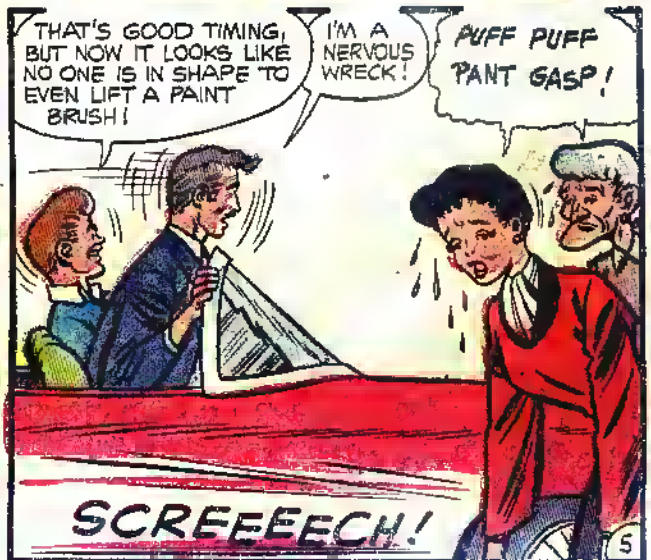
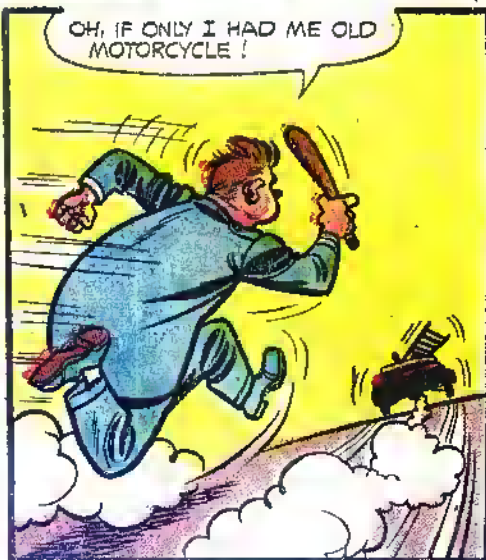
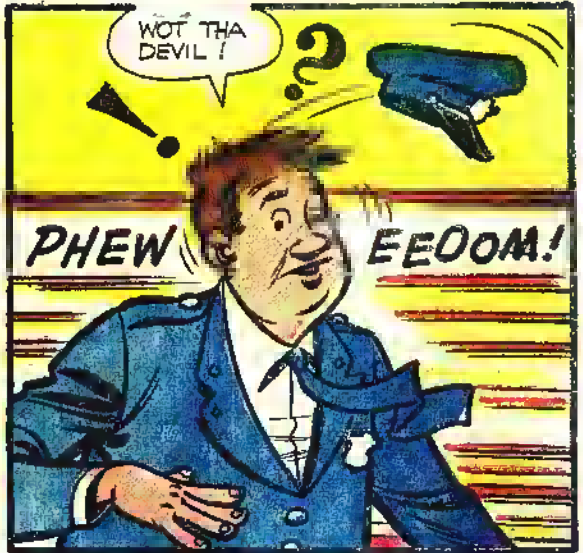
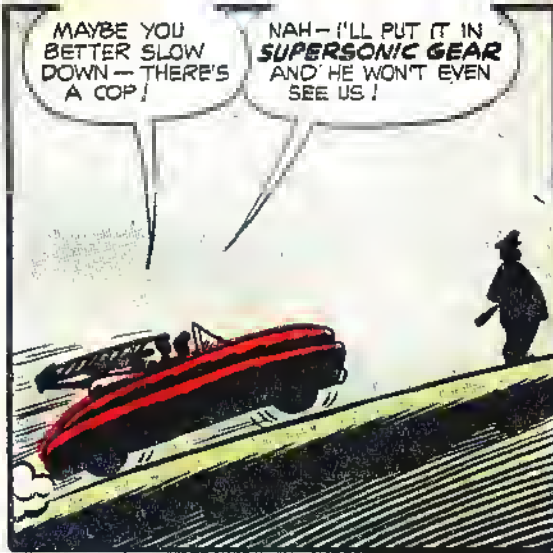
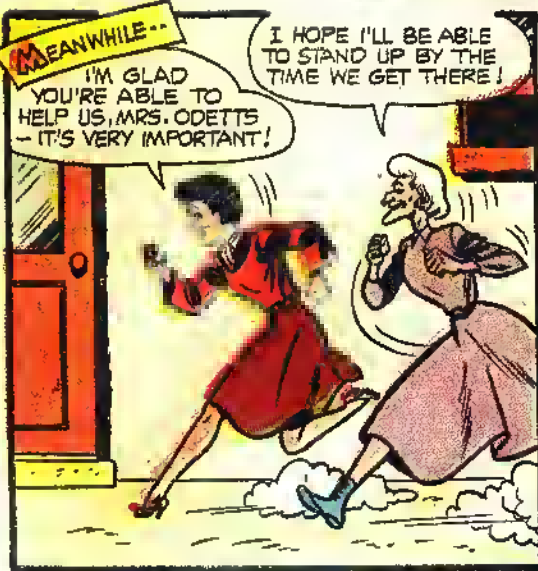
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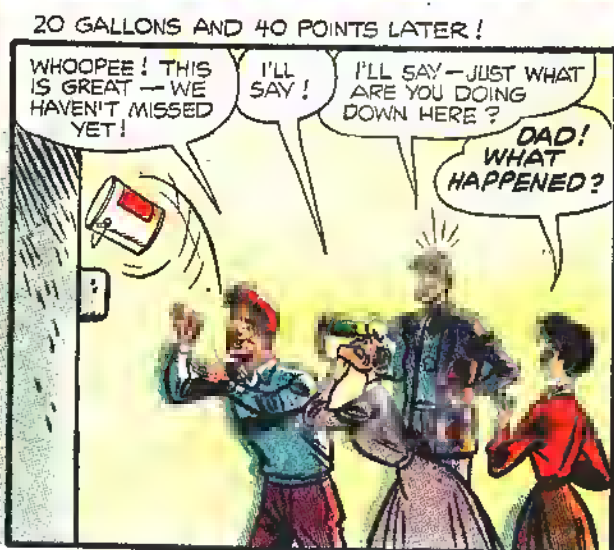
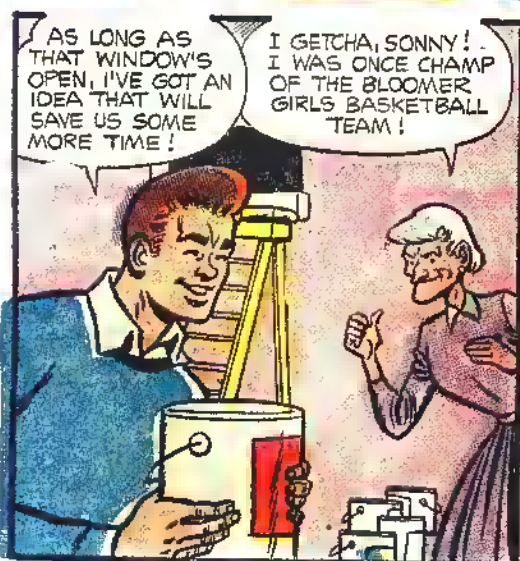
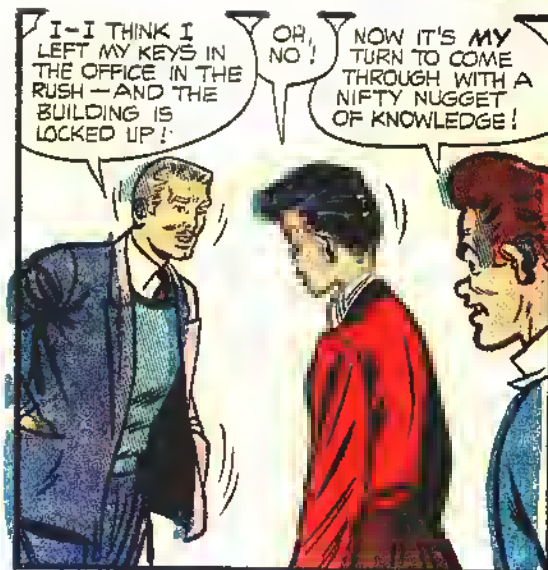
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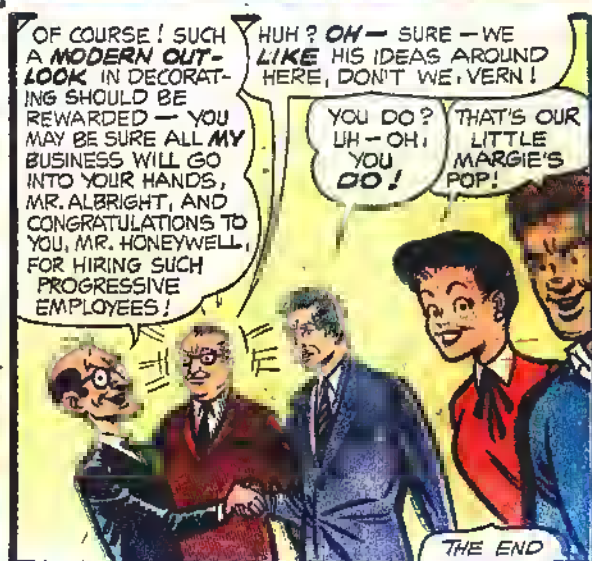
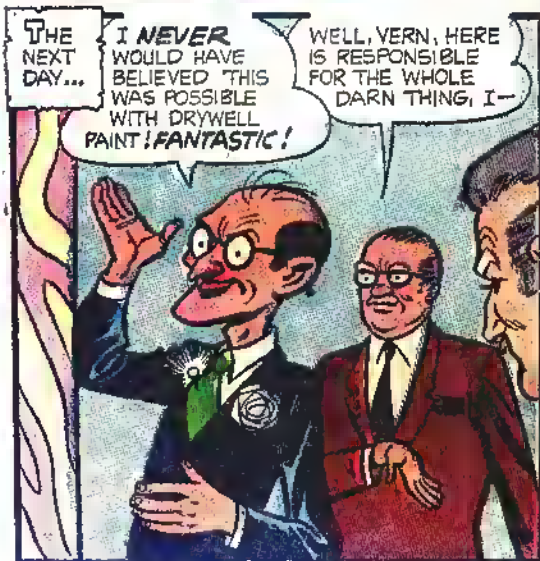
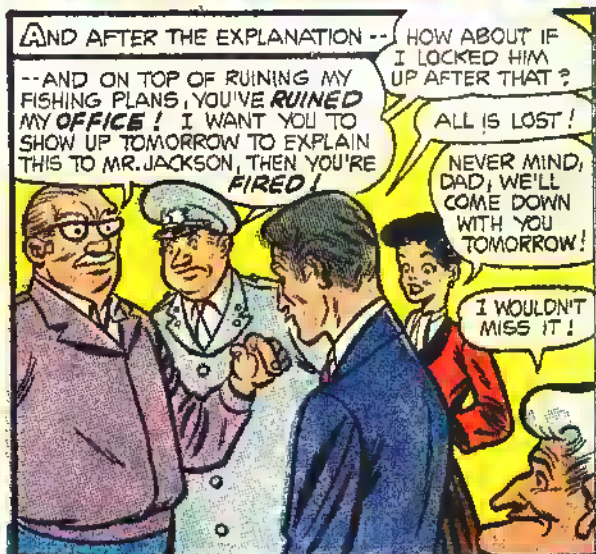
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MY LITTLE MARGIE

TELEVISION'S TOP PROGRAM!

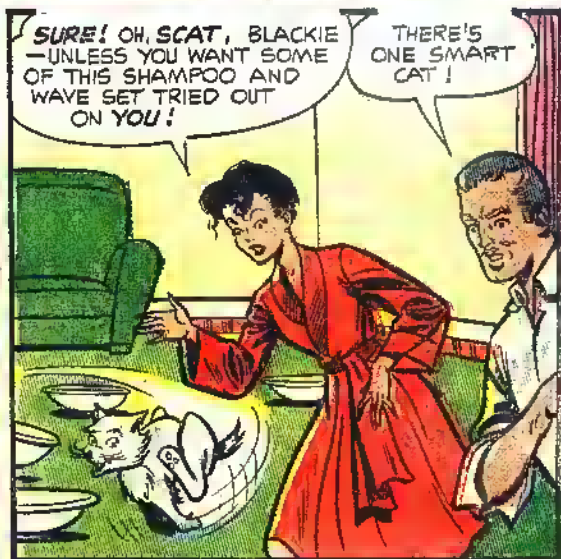
MY LITTLE MARGIE

"HAIR TODAY,
GONE
TOMORROW"

BY CHIC STONE



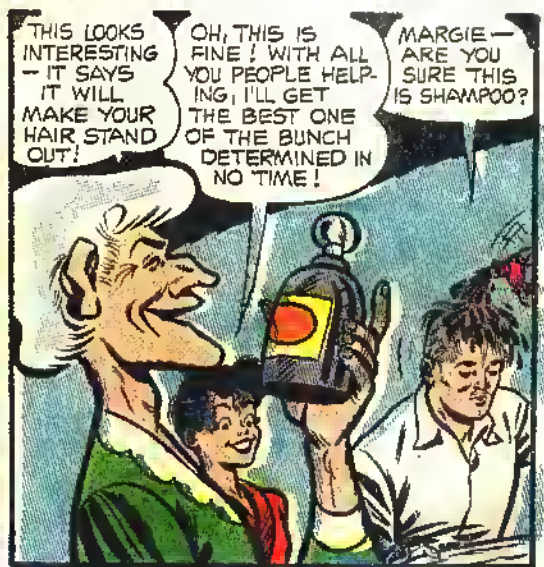
MY LITTLE MARGIE



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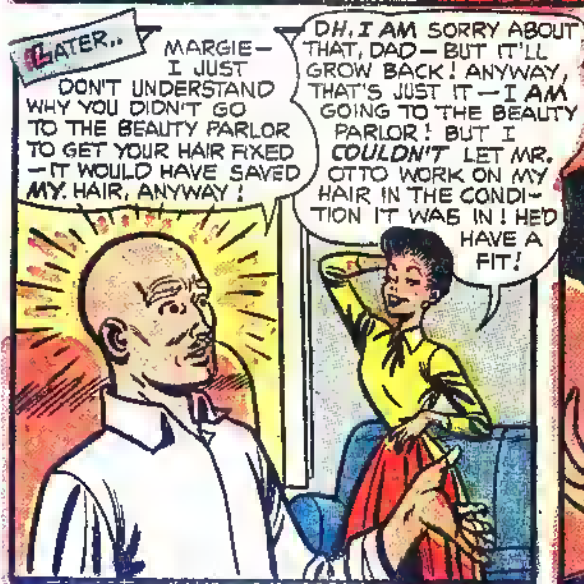
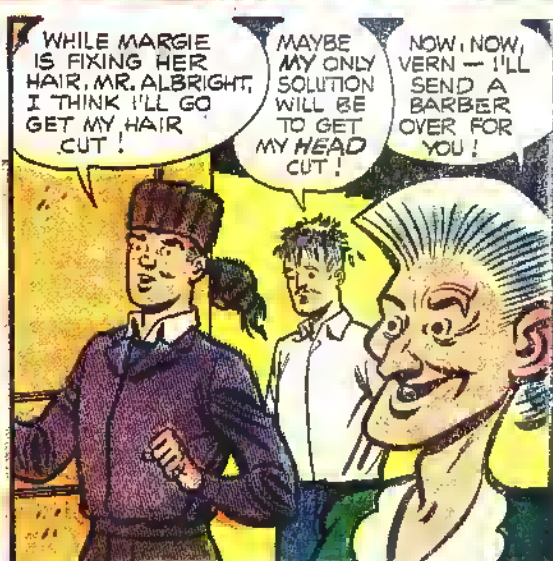
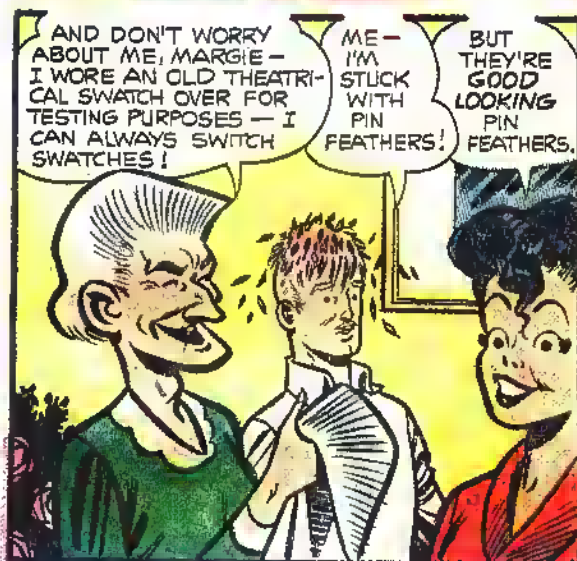
MY LITTLE MARGIE



MY LITTLE MARGIE



MY LITTLE MARGIE



Nothing's Plenty For Me

There had been silence in the Albright homestead far more than twelve minutes before Freddie began to realize that the silence was meant as an unspoken reprimand directed toward him. Margie was mad, and he hadn't done a thing. Nothing at all.

"How come you're sore, Margie?" he asked, tentatively and politely, for that's the way to ask a question of an angry woman.

"You know perfectly well why," Margie answered in the way an angry woman will, "it's because we haven't been out on a date other than watching television here at home for more than a month!"

"But, Margie, you know it's because I've been broke!"

"Well, you don't HAVE to be broke — why can't you get a job like other people?"

"Now, Margie, you know I'm an individualist! I can't do things just because other people do them!"

"So you do NOTHING!"

"Aw, Margie —"

"I don't mean to be a nag, Freddie, but my allowance won't be due for another week, and I'm afraid I can't go on saving up for our once a month dates!"

"Now you know I'll pay back every cent, Margie, as soon as I find a job that's just right for me! It's not that I mind working — it's THINKING about working that kills me, so I don't do it very often!"

Before Freddie could finish that sentence he found himself holding his pork-pie hat and heading for the door under the pressure of Margie's clutching left hand. She opened the door and in a grand manner waved Freddie outward.

"In that case, I'll do the thinking about it! And that'll take care of THAT excuse. When I've thought up just the right job for you, I want you to take it — or else our association will come to a screeching, abrupt end! After all, I'm missing all the latest movies, to say

nothing of dances, and dinners, and —"

Freddie's face brightened. "Heck, Margie, that's no problem — in no time at all the movies you've been wanting to see will be on television, and don't you agree there's something romantic about dancing to your records after a good meal you've cooked here at home?"

"GO!" Margie commanded with a dainty finger projected beyond the door. "When I've thought about jobs awhile, you can call me, and we'll pick it up from there!"

"Just so picking things up isn't part of the job," Freddie mumbled on the way out, "I had a job once picking up City Park and I got a phobia about picking things up!"

"Well, that's SOMETHING to be thankful for," Margie sighed, closing the door. "At least pick-ups aren't in his line!"

For the next half hour Margie scoured the want ads, going from Advertising to Xylophone Players, but couldn't come to any conclusion as to just which job seemed to fit Freddie the most. It's true, she thought, there aren't many jobs a professional, individualistic do-nothing could do since the Do-Nothing political party was abolished in the last century. Perhaps Freddie just was born 75 years too late, she sighed to herself.

It was about time for Vern to come home, but Margie couldn't quite see asking her father's advice about a job for Freddie. The last time she asked him where Freddie could go for a job, Vern told her in rather strong language.

But Mrs. Odetts would know! After all, Mrs. Odetts had had experience with many men in her lifetime, or so she liked to say, and would probably know just the thing that Margie had possibly overlooked.

It was a matter of minutes before Margie was at the front door of the home of Mrs. Odetts, hat in hand and thought in mind, as they say. At the sound of the bell, Mrs. O came out lighting, lighting a candle-filled cake, actually, since she was celebrating the birth-

MY LITTLE MARGIE

day of Aaron Burr. Although Aaron, the historical one, had been dead to these many years, as had many historical figures, Mrs. Odetts liked to honor by celebrating their birthdays. Mrs. O' never failed to remember his birthday. She thought somebody should, that's all, whenever she saw the birthdays marked on calendars. A fine woman, was Mrs. O'.

"Hello, Margie, won't you come in and help me make a birthday wish for Aaron Burr? I'm lighting his cake now!"

"Of course," Margie said thoughtfully, eyeing the blazing cake, "and I'd like to ask your advice about something!"

Within moments, Margie was in, the candles were out (after a number of hearty puffs by the two of them), the cake was served and Margie had related the problem relating to Freddie, who might someday be her relation by marriage.

"Well," Mrs. Odetts intoned, "doing NOTHING can be quite profitable, as my third husband Clifford once demonstrated very clearly!"

"Really, Mrs. Odetts, aren't you exaggerating a little?"

"Not at all, Margie, not at all. Why once Clifford was telling me about his first job. The boss called him in and told him the business was in a hole, so Clifford spoke right up and advised that they just dig the hole deeper until they hit water, and then sell it for a well!"

"And he did?"

"Not exactly," Mrs. O' twinkled, "they dug deep and came up with oil instead, and it made a real rich mess!"

"And they retired then?" Margie asked with the same twinkle.

"Not at all," Mrs. Odetts continued, "they dug other holes, but still get no water!"

"Kinda left you high and dry, ne? Or would it be LOW and dry?" Margie quipped.

"Neither! They finally wound up with so many holes they sorted them into sizes and sold them for doughnuts, posts, knot holes for ball fences, tunnels, leopholes for contracts—"

"Stop!" Margie almost shouted, her head swimming. "Fun is fun and I can't hardly think we haven't been kidding each other, Mrs. Odetts, because surely you can't be serious about NOTHING being worth something!"

"SURRE I can," said Mrs. O'. "And my fourth husband proved it decisively. He actually

went out and sold absolutely NOTHING; they weren't even holes!"

"Oh, c'mon now, Mrs. O' — I think you were kidding me before, but let's not carry this to extremes!" Margie pleaded.

"But it's TRUE!" Mrs. Odetts insisted. "He told me he had sold nothing for a good price and I reacted the same way — then he turned on the radio that night and proved it to me!"

"But how?"

"I remember distinctly — it was at midnight and the announcer said — and so, before we conclude our day of broadcasting, we are happy to announce that the next eight hours of silence will come to you through the courtesy of the Apex Mattress Company!"

On the way back to her home, Margie's head was reeling with thoughts of nothing. Now she didn't know what to think, but she knew nothing would soon disturb her if she kept her thoughts concentrated on it much longer. "Nothing can drive you mad!" she thought out loud, and a passerby almost fell off the sidewalk detouring around her.

When she ascended the front stoop of her home, Freddie was waiting, feet propped up on the perch rail, seated on the glider. She sat next to him and slumped a bit.

"Hi, chick," Freddie chirped, "you been giving the good think to what I should be doing?"

"Nothing, Freddie, absolutely nothing — believe me. Let's just go for a walk in the park now and I'll discuss it later!"

"Boy, you're SOMETHING," Freddie said admiringly.

"A comforting thought," Margie agreed, "something is such a NICE sounding word!"

"Think NOTHING of it," Freddie said, and slowly Margie's expression began to change. She had heard the word once too often that day.

So we can't blame our little Margie for the next act. We won't say exactly what she did, but it left Freddie sitting dependently on the sidewalk after turning a loop over the perch rail.

"Hey," he yelled, "I didn't do NOTHING!"

The last was the last — stow, that is. Margie slammed into the house feeling that things were snapping beneath her pert part. But we'll hope it's NOTHING (Oops, sorry, Margie) serious, right, reader?

The End

MY LITTLE MARGIE

TELEVISION'S TOP PROGRAM!

MY LITTLE MARGIE

"KNIT WITS"

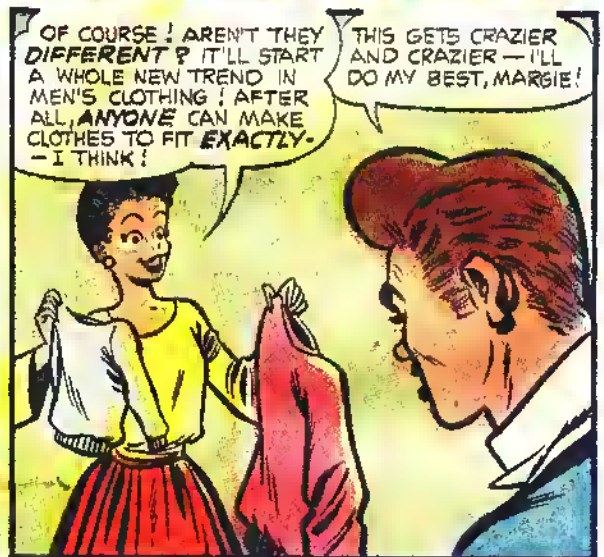
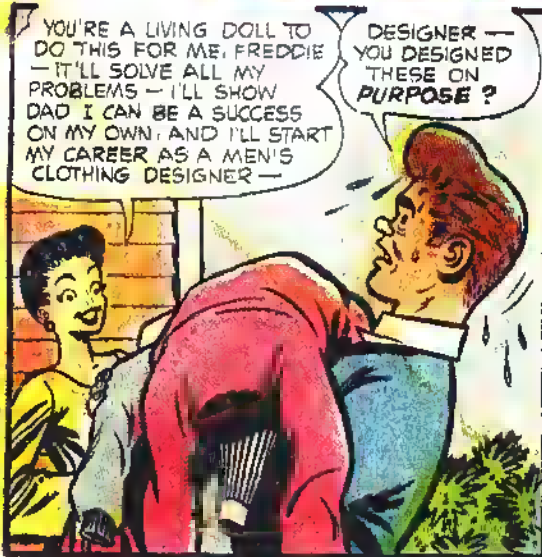
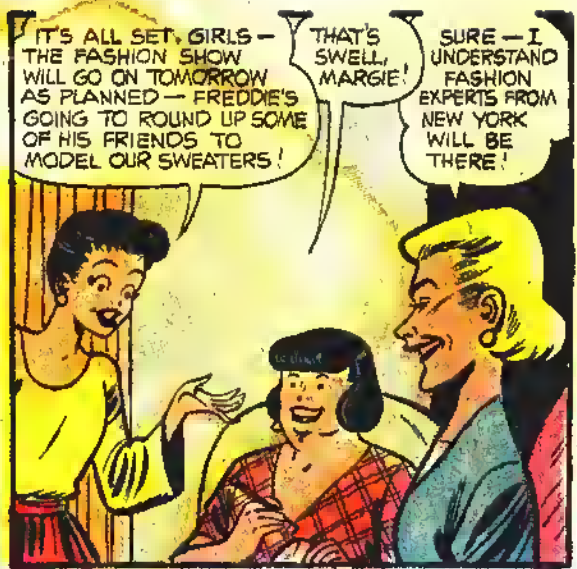
By CHIC STONE



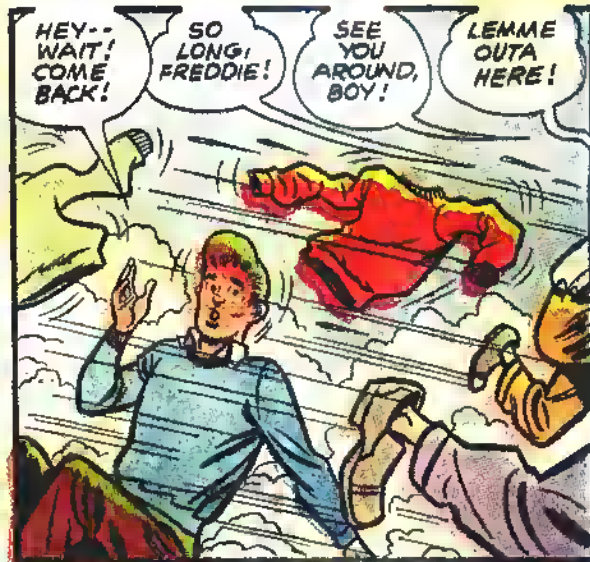
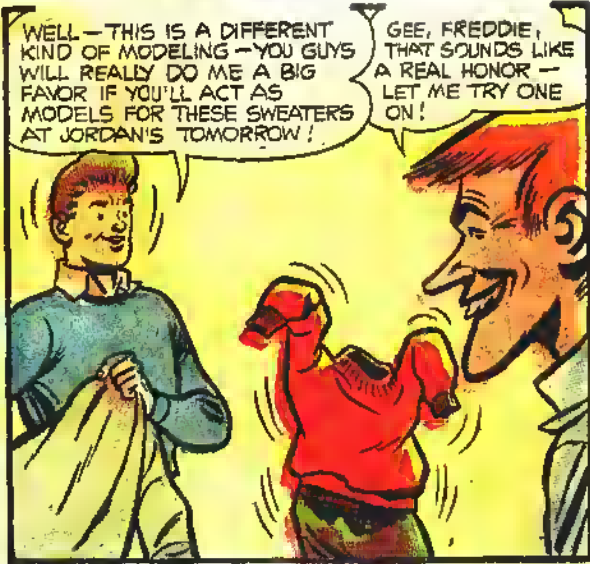
MY LITTLE MARGIE



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MY LITTLE MARGIE



IT'S A CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT THIS WILL WORK, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY!



FIVE MINUTES LATER--

SURE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE SOME HELP TOMORROW MORNING, BUT WE CAN'T PAY YOU VERY MUCH!

THAT DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL! I'LL BE HERE BRIGHT AND EARLY!



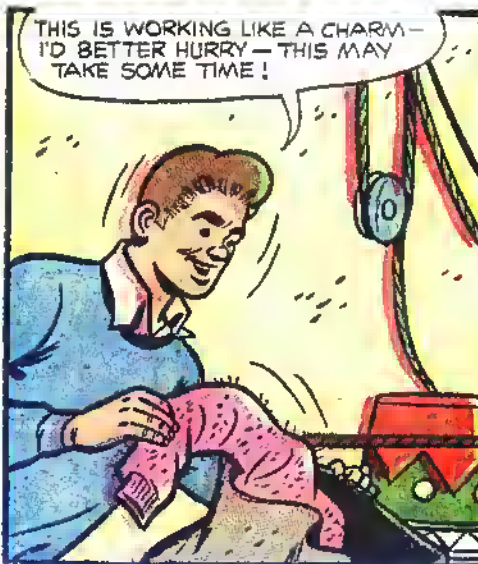
YOU'D THINK I WAS DOING HIM THE BIGGEST FAVOR IN THE WORLD BY LETTING HIM TEND THE ANIMALS FOR TOMORROW'S PARADE!



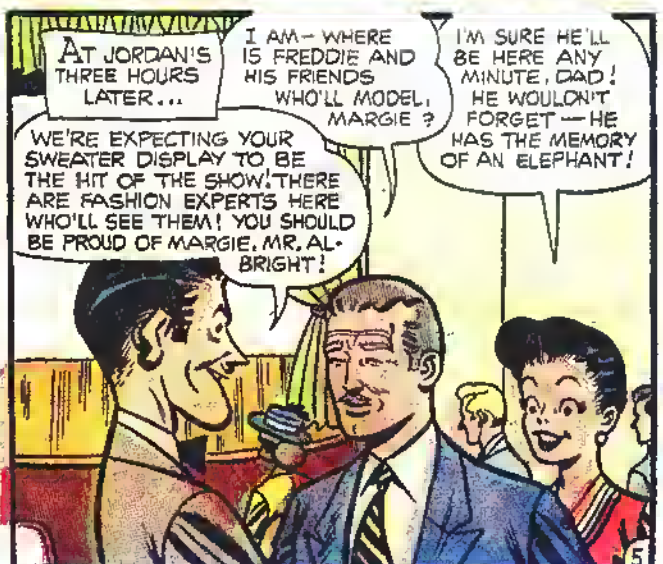
THE NEXT MORNING--

BUDDY, IF YOU WANT TO DO ALL THE WORK, YOU'RE WELCOME TO-- I'D JUST AS SOON GO GET SOME BREAKFAST ANYWAY!

I DON'T MIND A BIT, HONESTLY! THANKS A LOT!



THIS IS WORKING LIKE A CHARM-- I'D BETTER HURRY-- THIS MAY TAKE SOME TIME!



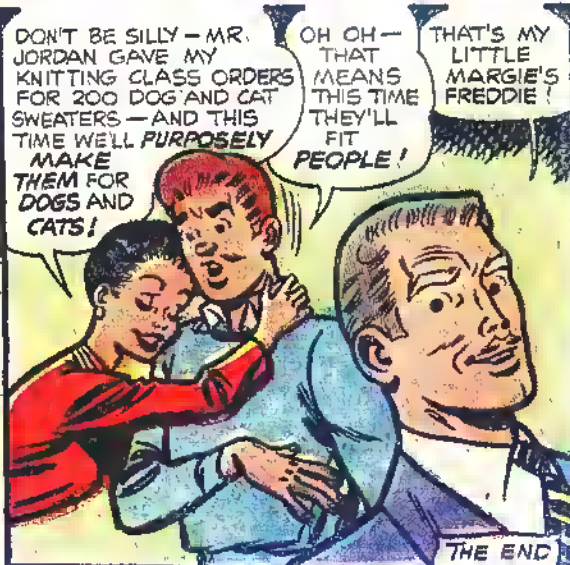
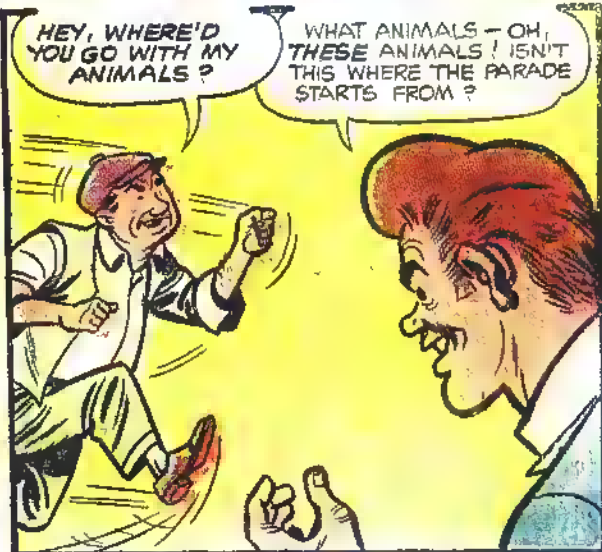
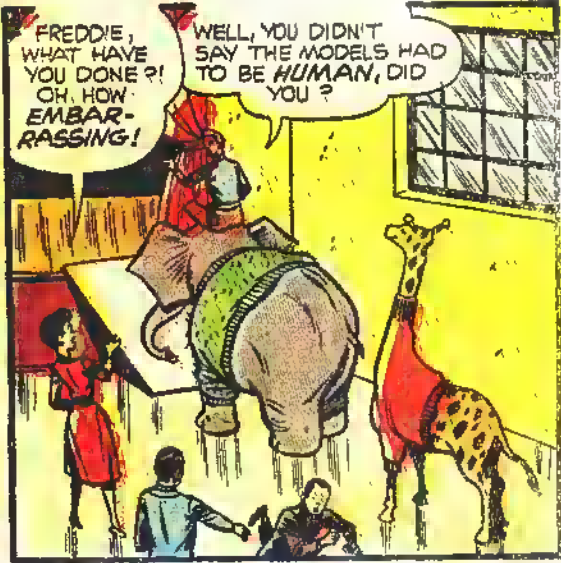
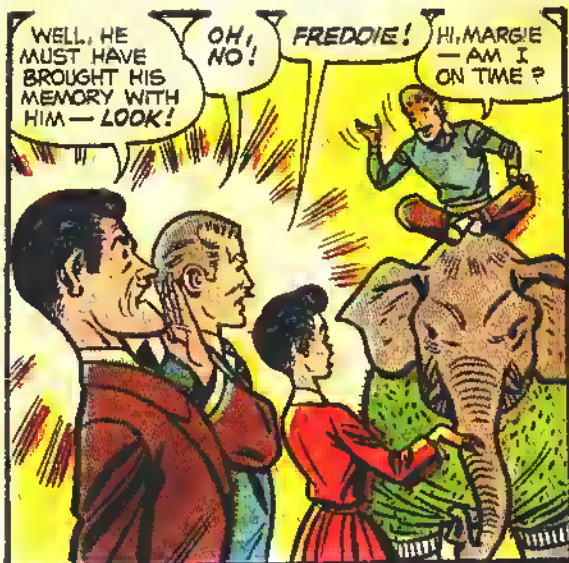
AT JORDAN'S THREE HOURS LATER...

WE'RE EXPECTING YOUR SWEATER DISPLAY TO BE THE HIT OF THE SHOW! THERE ARE FASHION EXPERTS HERE WHO'LL SEE THEM! YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF MARGIE, MR. ALBRIGHT!

I AM-- WHERE IS FREDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS WHO'LL MODEL, MARGIE?

I'M SURE HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, DAD! HE WOULDN'T FORGET-- HE HAS THE MEMORY OF AN ELEPHANT!

MY LITTLE MARGIE

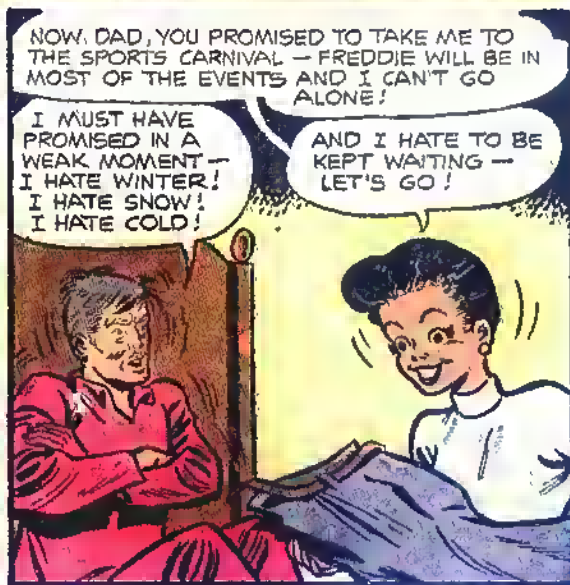
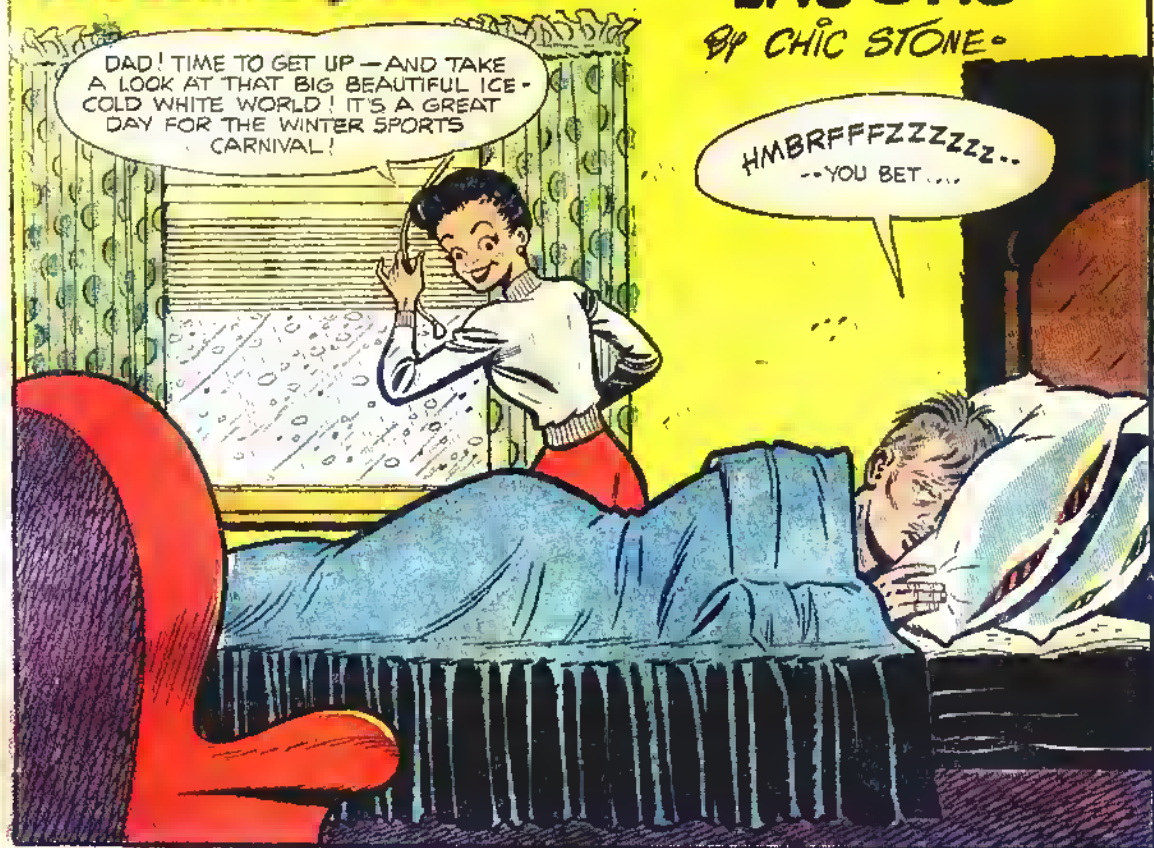


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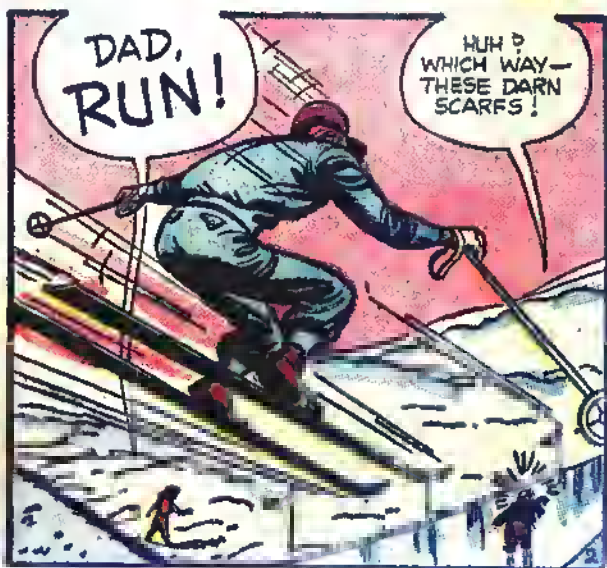
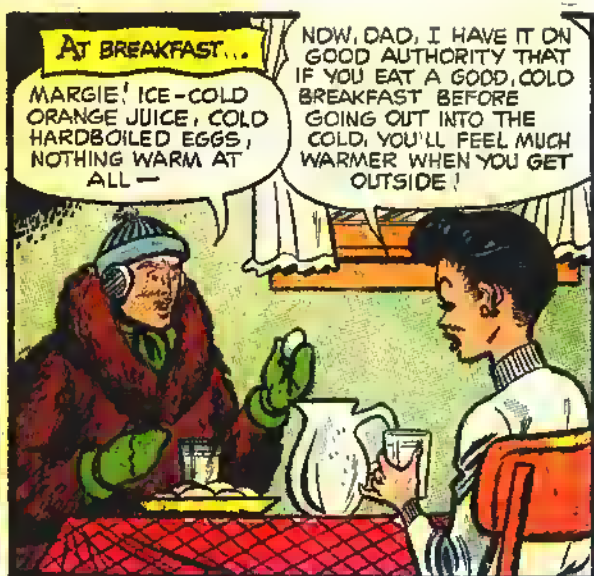
MY LITTLE MARGIE

in "S'NO TIME FOR LAUGHS"

By CHIC STONE



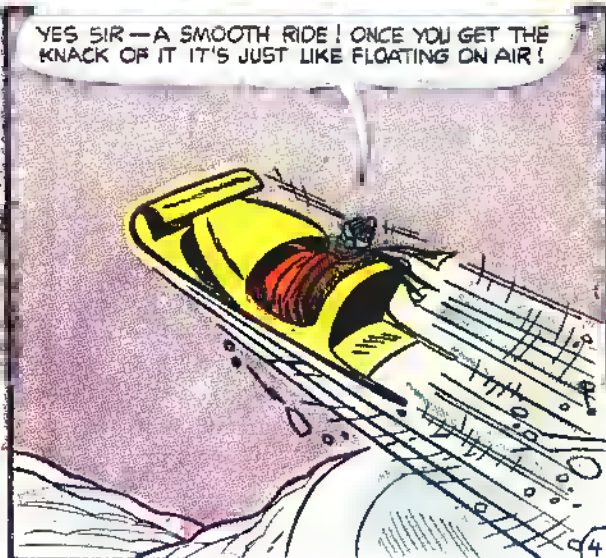
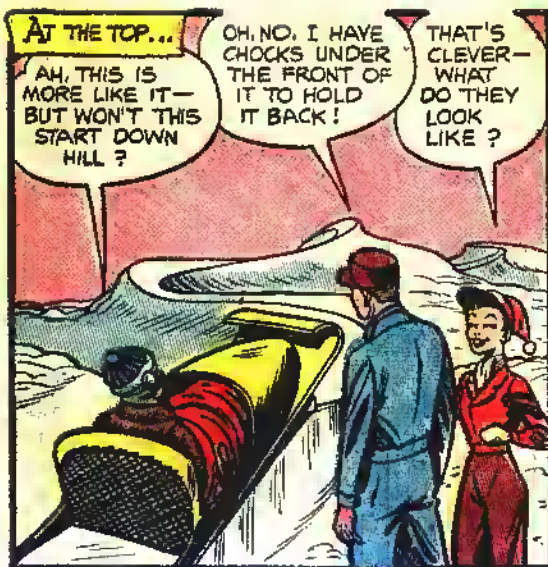
MY LITTLE MARGIE



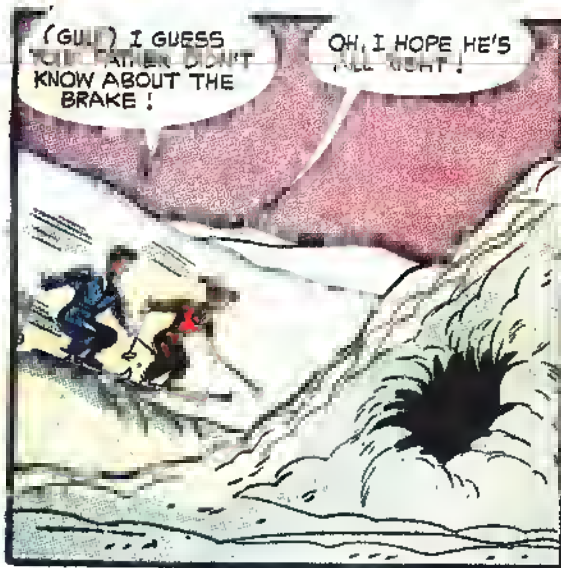
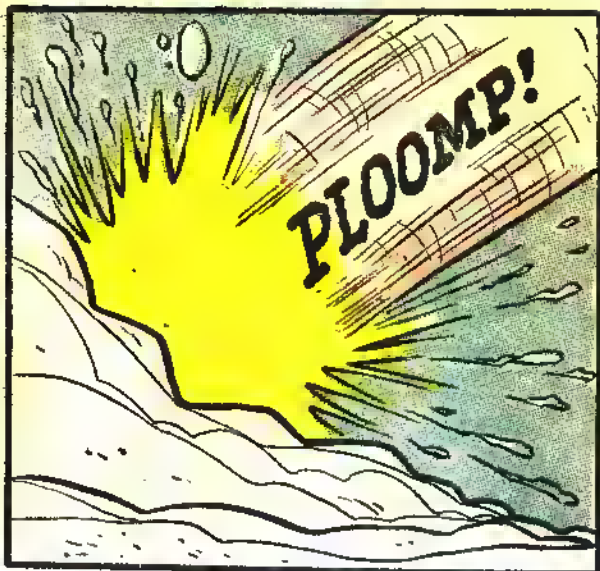
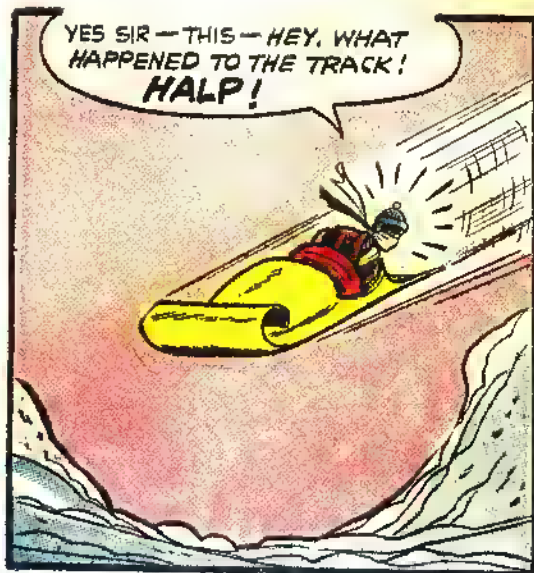
MY LITTLE MARGIE



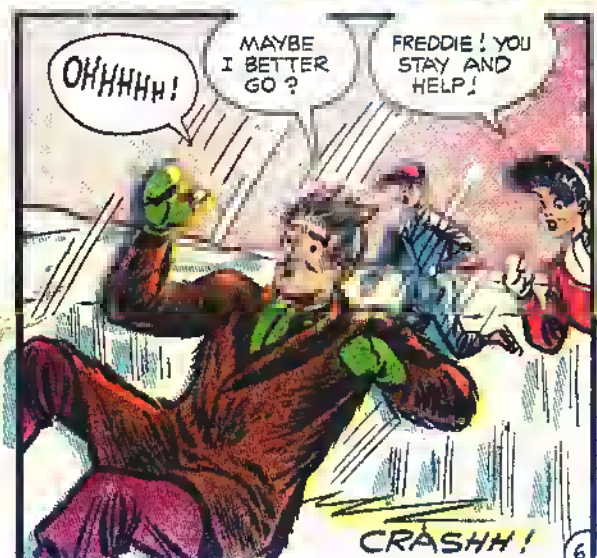
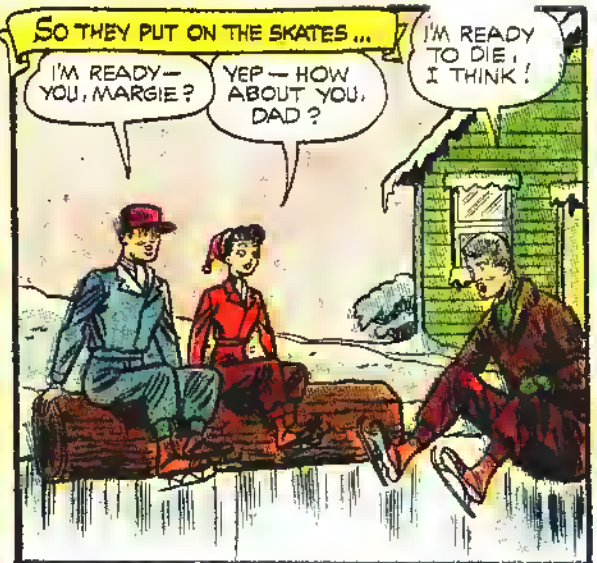
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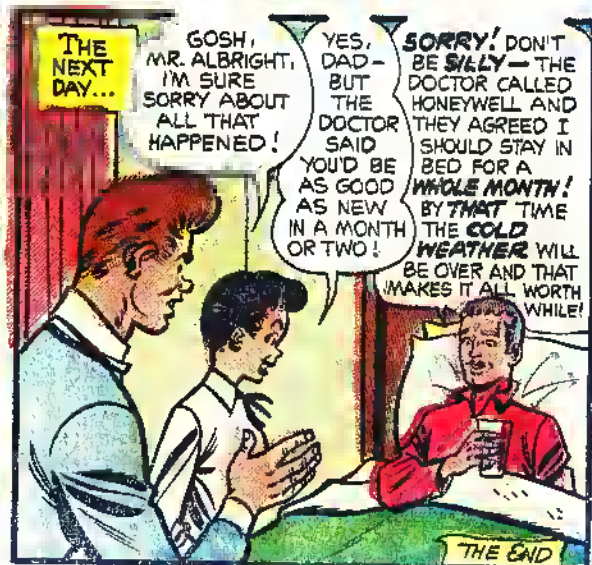
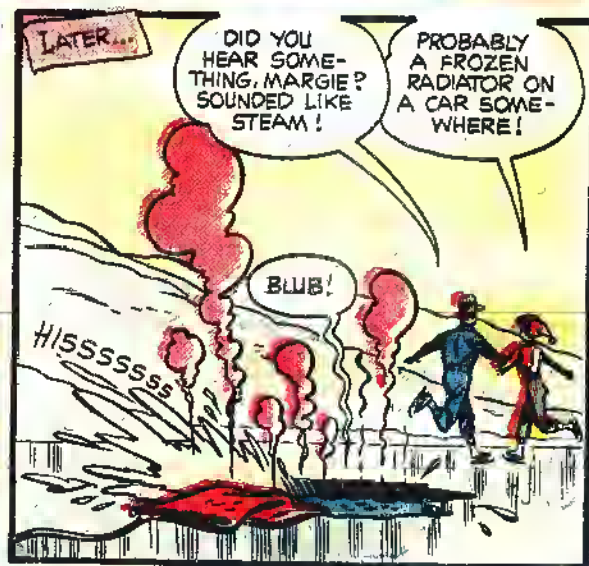
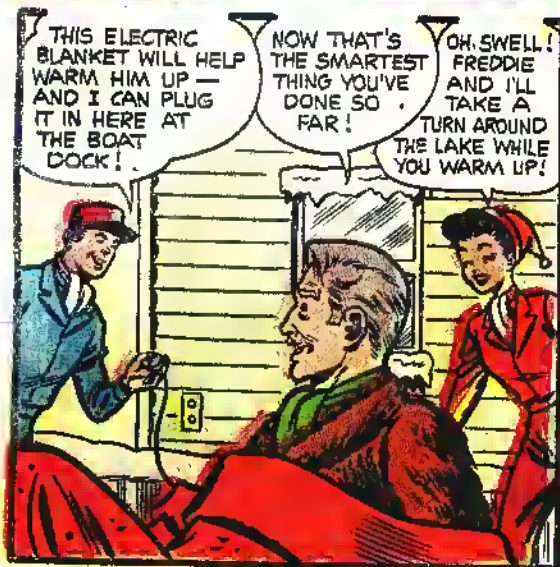
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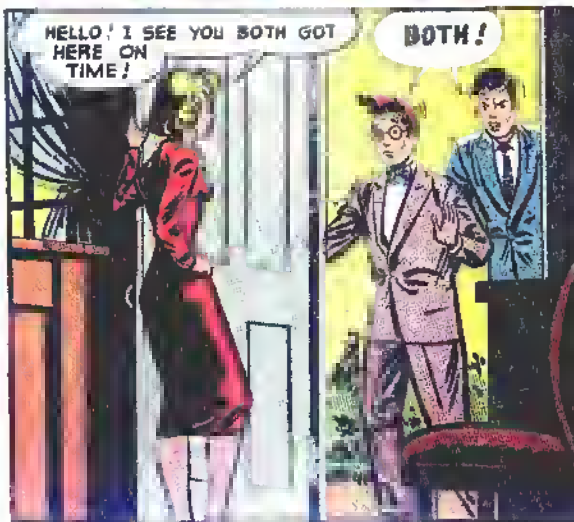
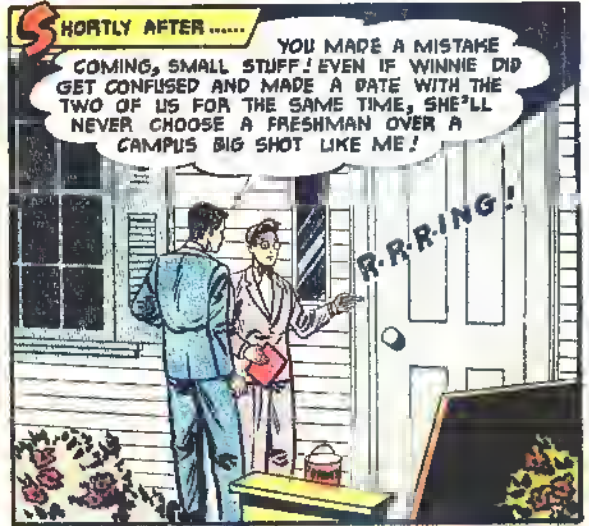
MY LITTLE MARGIE



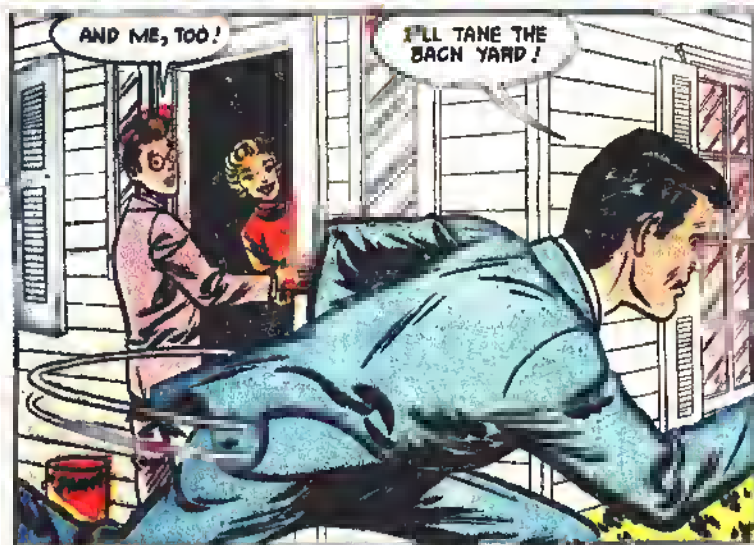
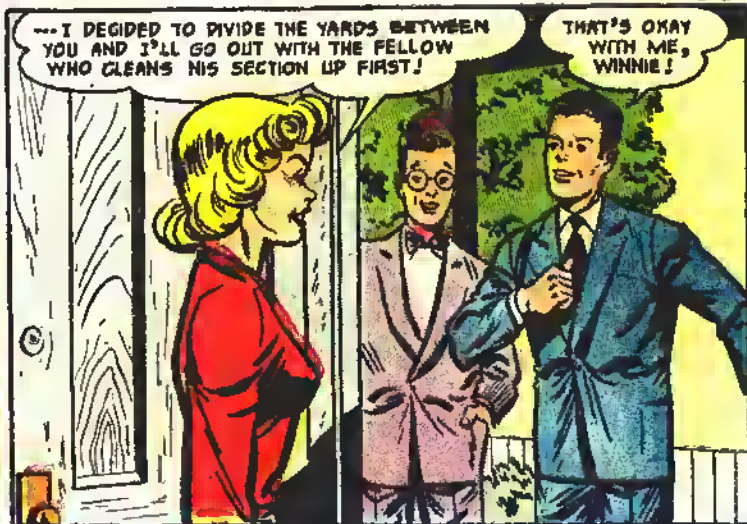
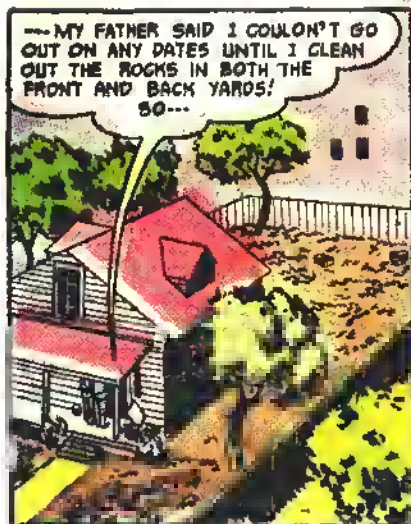
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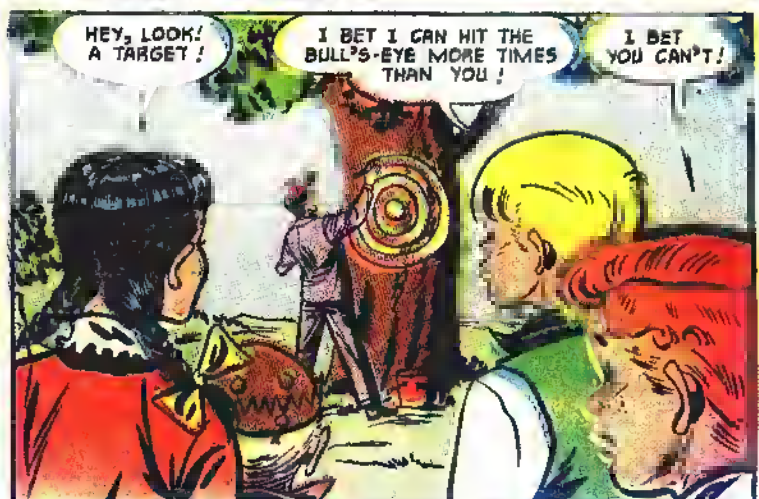
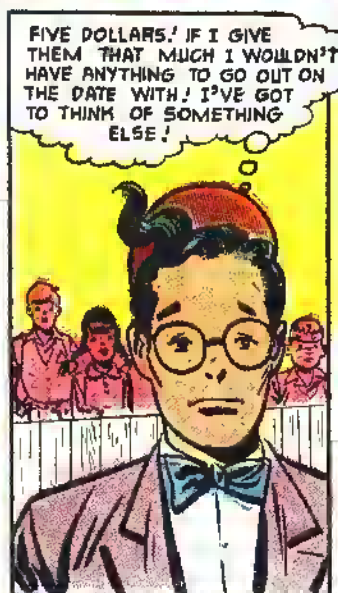
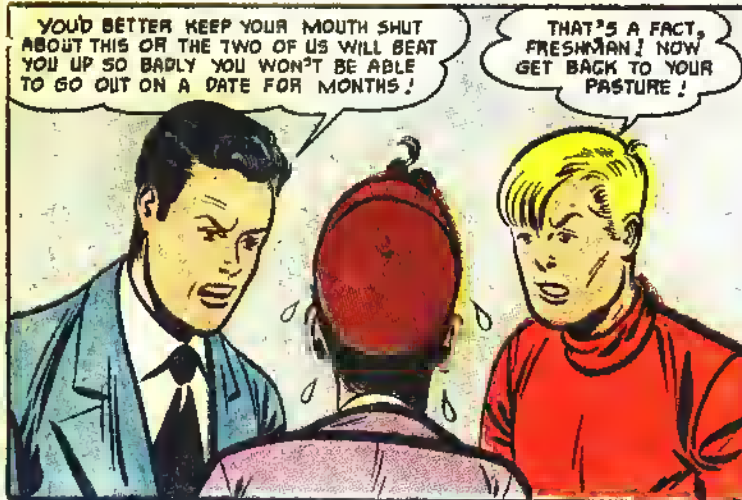
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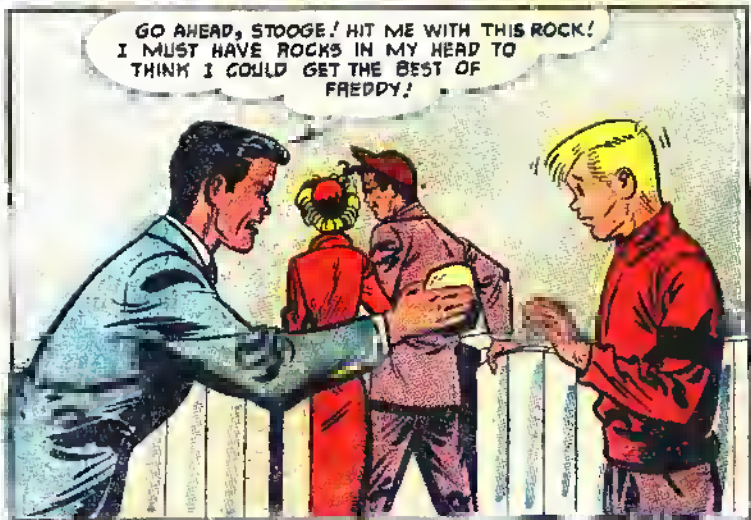
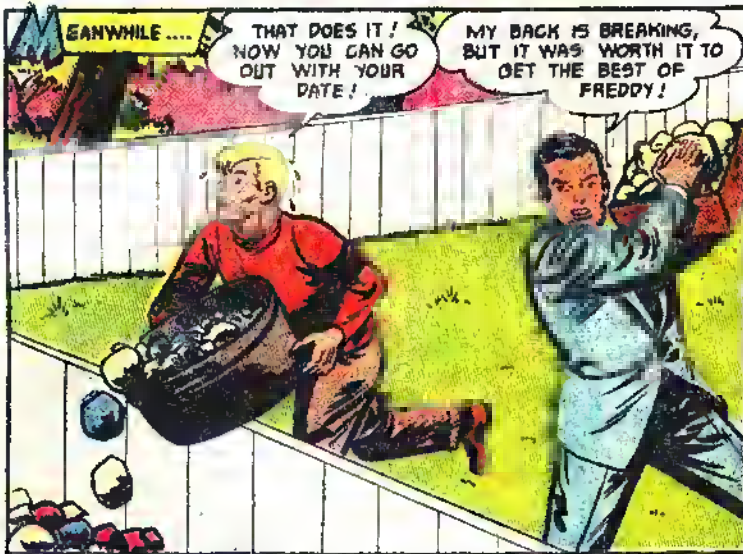
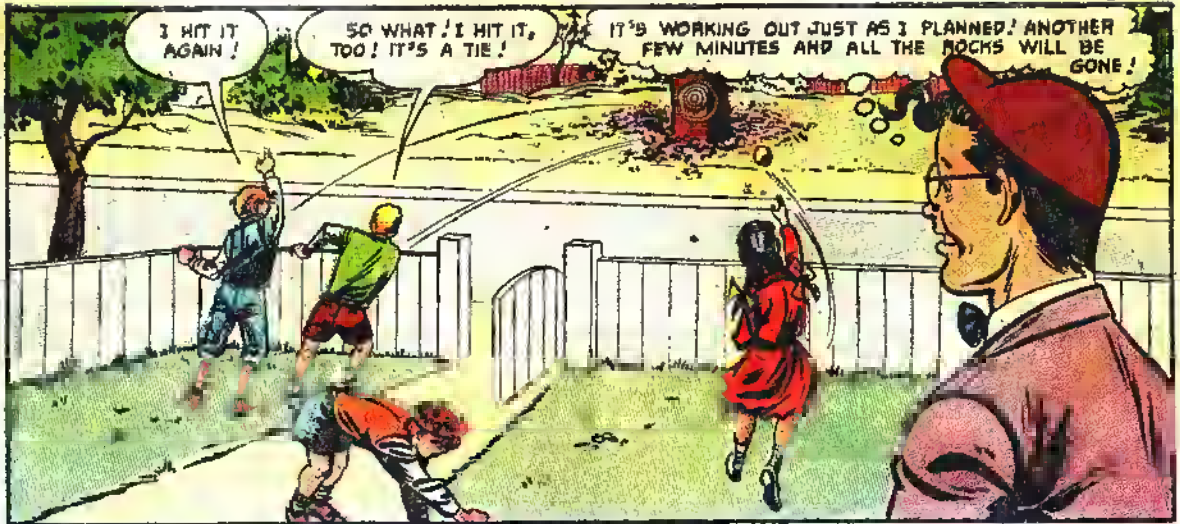
MY LITTLE MARGIE



MY LITTLE MARGIE



MY LITTLE MARGIE



HERE AT
LAST...

THE COMIC YOU'VE ALL BEEN
WAITING FOR, PACKED
WITH LAUGHS AND GAGS...

GOSH! FOLKS...
DON'T MISS THIS
BIG NEW ISSUE!
GET ONE AT
YOUR NEAREST
NEWSSTAND!



LISTEN, HARVEY...
ISN'T THERE ANY-
THING YOU LIKE
BETTER THAN A
DISH OF ICE
CREAM?

OF COURSE,
FREDDIE!
A WHOLE
GALLON OF
ICE CREAM!





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